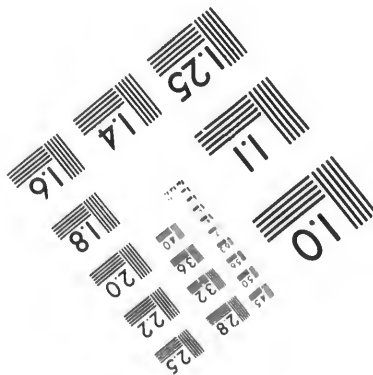
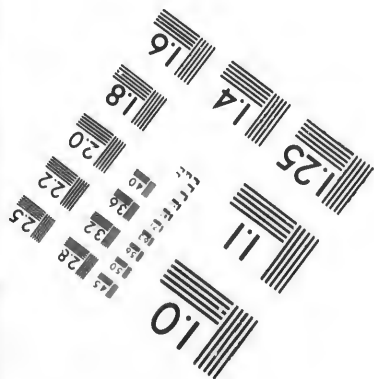
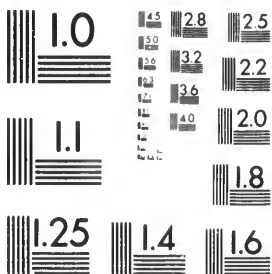


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Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions

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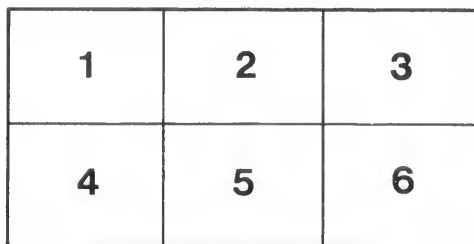
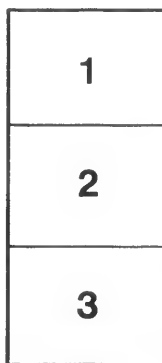
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THE CHILD OF BRABANT.

FOUNDED IN PART ON OUIDA'S STORY.

Further, said, "But what are shoes
set in stockings too are clad?"
He paused ere answering, said, "And I
mean, if indeed I get them not
or when my rose was cut too soon,
lay, and in the Autumn-time
forth again and all as fair
-n in the warm sunny June."
Please her youthful fancy, I
oke . . . for thus she seemed to me
airy realm of fairyland
barren world of toil and pain . . .
he fairies from their treasures bring
to one whom they must surely love!"
Believing, half in doubt, and still
peccant of some unknown aid,
and when next she came thereto
r chair, beneath the awning—where
old walk, her flowers she sold and gained
ng by her daily toil—
a the box some silken hose,
by me, which she, in simple faith,
with the fairies or her prayers.
He pressed me as to whence they came:
man would take them as a gift,
and her inborn pride forbade

And from thence we oft times met
is merging towards the shades of eve,
of fairies and of "Rubens" land
as she named the Flemish Knight):
mystic way there ever dwelt
members of her mind, a link
great in art and of the world
ten, a people, clear, distinct
from the land where Rubens lived
as king among a nobler race,
d more her thirst for knowledge grew
soul within her woke to life:
business was born of wisdom gained,
ate, we conversed of the life
trangely mingled with the saints
void, still in a tangled mass,
er grew, and yet the more confused—
tly pastime, but to her
lawn of womanhood and life.
er waned, and autumn-glory crowned
ng leaves with multi-colored hues,
where no fear had dwelt before,
d as yet had left her pure,
parting in one long embrace,
and his that one his but one soul

The length of *Ages* and the lives of Saints,
Culled from his slender store of musty books,
Could little teach the child who lived among
The tender off-spring of fair Flora's realm,
And so she wandered at her own sweet will
Amid the lovely flowers, and knew them each
By name, and spoke to them, and they to her,
Or so she thought, for flowers and saints to her
Were both alike, and loved her, each the same,
And when her little limbs were strong to walk
Old Antoine took her with him to the town
To sell the flowers, and soon his trade increased,
For all were quickly bought when sold by one
Who looked herself but as a larger flower—
An elder sister to the tiny buds,
And then old Antoine blessed the saints, indeed,
Who looked with such great favor on his toil.
And ever more the child in beauty grew,
From morn till eve exposed to rain and sun:
Content with life, and taking as her lot
The daily share of work, and scanty food:
And loved her little hut, pink as a shell,
Built as the Netherlander loves to build,
Most hid by roses and by creeping plants,
Till when nigh fourteen summer suns had past
Since first old Antoine brought her to his home,
The old man sickened and then slowly sank,
Worn out by age, and left his all to her,
The little hut, and some few silver crowns,
And said: "Live in it, pretty one, and take
No soul within to worry or to scold;
And feed the birds, and tend the flowers," and then
Past as a breath into the sleep of Death.
Then Bébé, sobbing followed to the grave
The rough old man, who to her in the stead
Had been of father, country, king and law:
Knowing no other will, nor caring aught
If so she pleases him in his simple wants.
"Live in it, pretty one" these were his words,
Words which henceforth must always sacred be,
So when the few old folks who lived near by
Came round the child, and offered their advice
As meet to guide her in the coming years,
And made this offer, and then that, the child,
Tho' doubting not these trusty friends, still heard
The voice of Antoine, "Take no soul within."
Replied, "No doubt that what you say is good,
But he himself told me to stay and tend
The flowers and feed the birds, and so I stay."
And then in place of suasion followed words
Of anger from the women who had hoped
To profit by old Antoine's well-tilled ground

In love with nature and in sympathy
With pastoral life, and thought myself a man
But tiring of the scene, I sought again
The life of town, and Brussels for a while
Enrapt my fancy, and I loved my art,
Whereby I strove, yet strove in vain to place
On canvas that which haunted me as type
Of Gretchen, but no model pleased the eye
Or fixt its image here within the mind.
And as one day I watched the busy throng
Of toilers hast'ning from their hard day's wage
One face I saw among the mass, which seem'd
A type of human beauty and of love,
United in a girl of lowly birth
Who paused, and all unconscious of her grace
And perfect pose, stood motionless, and gazed
To where the maiden-mother sat enthroned
Above the Gothic arch.

Then all in haste
And fearing I should miss her in the throng,
I left the balcony and followed her
Thro' winding streets, until at length she reached
The Church of Mary, with its storied glass ;
So rich in precious relic of the day,
When art and zeal and worship sprang from love
The love of an immortal, deathless fame ;
And entering, knelt before an altar-shrine
In prayer as to the Virgin in the skies,
And in her upturned face I saw, the one
True face, that might have been the Virgin's own,
Which spoke of simple untaught faith, and of
That freedom touching holy things, which has
Half reverence and irreverence side by side ;
Which makes the worship of the peasant seem
Too much a form, altho' to him 'tis life.
Then as she rose and met my gaze, I spoke,
And in these words, " Have you a rosebud left,
For by the basket at your feet, I deem,
You bring the blossoms from your home to sell,"
On which the girl, half frightened, made reply :
" The flowers I sell not here, but take this one ;"
And stretched her hand, and smiling, gave a rose ;
Then, nodding, quickly turned to leave the place
As half ashamed within the sacred walls
To dream or breathe of aught, save of the saints.

Yet ere she left I called her to my side
And said, " Come tell me, pretty one, thy name."
" My name? Why, all the people know my name ;
In Brabant, I am Bébée, where I dwell,
And thither must I haste, for on this day
I am sixteen, and children wait for me
To share the good things which the day hath brought.
Look here ! beneath these vine-leaves at the gifts,
Red shoes, to wear on Sunday at the mass,
Sent by old Gingoire. Oh ! how good it is
To be sixteen and have so many friends !"
Then, wondering at her child-like spirit, I

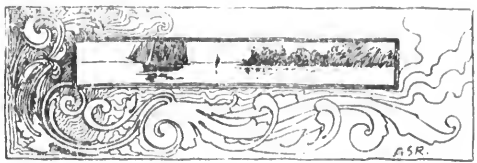
save in our parting in one long embrace—
I kissed her, and in that one kiss her soul
Went forth, her own no more, save linked
And thus we parted, seeing that no more
The future as the past could ever be,
And lived but for my art, and soon the tale
The world so covets hovered o'er my name
Fame that was hers, for she it was who gave
In her true face, the type I long had sought
To place on canvas, and thus honor gain.
Yet shared not with her; and I soon forgot
The simple girl, till sickness came, and then
One more within my ears her voice I heard
Which rent the air as if in anguish sore,
And when I fain had called her to my side
I found her not, but learned that she was dead.

But since more of her life you long to know
I tell it as it came to me, tho' in
A rougher shape, by an old man who lived
Beside her from her earliest years, and loved
In his quaint fashion evermore to dwell
Upon the story of her life and death.

In Brabant stands a lonely little hut,
Where once old Antoine tended to his floy
In summer-time, by which a streamlet run
In winding course between the grazing field
And in the early summer, years gone by,
As Antoine passed along its banks, he saw
A tiny bundle floating with the stream,
Caught by the lilies, and by lilies saved ;
And rescued it, and brought it to the shore
When out there peeped two laughing eyes,
A babe of scarcely more than twelve month
And being childless, he in pity took
The child to his good dame, who nurtured it
As 'twere her own, a gracious gift of God,
To cheer the closing hours of fading life,
And so the seasons passed, and came again
And 'neath such kindly care the child soon
To wander mid the flowers and tend their
So like a flower she seemed herself that
Might well believe that she was one of the
And by and by, when eye was come, and
Was laid aside, old Antoine on his knee
Would take the child, and all in his rough
Tell her of God so good and Virgin maid,
Who loved in some mysterious way the po
And blessed their flowers, and sent the sa
Their lives from harm, if only they would
And place the flowers before the altar sh
And Bébée,—for 'twas thus they named her
Her earliest lessons in this way, until
The church, and Father Francis, her good
Tried to impress her childish mind with a
And more of reverence, touching holy thin
But Father Francis, being himself untaug
Whose wisdom in the world of letters ran

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 and in that one kiss her soul
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or anger from the women who did hoped
 To profit by old Antoine's well tilled ground
 Tho' some, perhaps, had wished her well and spoke
 In kindness, seeing her thus left alone,
 And louder still the voices grew, and shrill,
 Till taunts and words abusive overruled
 Their wisdom, and they said: "What right have you,
 Raked from the flowers, like water-mouse, to live
 'Mong decent folk?" And Bébé, half disturbed,
 Mused on their words, which pricked her, for 'till then
 She oft times in her dreams had smiled to think
 Herself the daughter of some pretty flower,
 Born of the pure white lilies, and the sun
 Her father; and in Brussels when they asked
 Her parentage, she had but one reply,
 "My mother was a flower." But now there lurked
 Within her breast both Envy and Disgrace,
 Which dimmed her eye and dyed her cheeks with shame
 For Father Francis, listening to her talk,
 As playfully she prattled of the flowers,
 The fairies, and of how she sprang from them,
 Had thought it well to leave her and her dreams
 All undisturbed, and was himself amused.
 So on the morrow, when with dawn she rose,
 In words familiar and with smiling face,
 She talked with Mary and the blessed saints,
 And asked them, as they loved the plants so much
 To love her also, if but for their sakes;
 Then strong in her resolve, she braved them all
 And lived her life as he would have her live
 Who now was slumbering in the calm of death,
 And by and by the women welcomed her
 To favor, for she thought no ill of them
 And ready was to tend their slightest want.
 Here paused the old man as he brushed away
 A tear that trickled down his wrinkled cheek—
 While I, who listened to him, sadly thought
 How many a noble life lives on unsung
 Save where the secrets of all hearts are known,
 "Ah! sir," the old man said, "how well I call,
 As 'twere but yesterday,—'tho all my mind
 Is clouded with a doubt on most things else—
 The morn when she was sixteen summers old:
 I see her now, 'twas in the month of June,
 And as a rose of June, she blushed, to think
 Her childhood vanished as a happy dream,



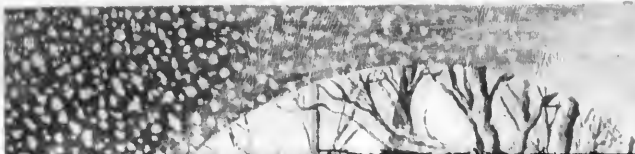
Ah! such a picture as she stood that morn,
 Fair as a goddess in her virgin charms
 Of rounded beauty and unconscious grace
 Were sigh to make the blood in these dried veins
 Run with the fiery warmth of youth or prime:
 For her's was beauty such as seldom crowns
 A maiden on the verge of womanhood,
 A type of beauty, where all beauty meets
 Of soul, clear, crystal as the limpid streams,
 And love, the loveliest of all love which dreams
 Unsullied, high above all storms, and strong
 As love which triumphs over victor Death.
 Ah! smiling down, that set in tragic eye,
 Like some false beacon set by wanton hand
 To lure the trusting pilot to his doom,
 How little thought the maiden on that morn
 That gilded serpent in the garb of man
 Would dim the glory of her virgin dream,
 Even as the reptile oft had robbed the flower
 Of virgin blush until it slowly died
 Within the garden of old Antoine's hut.
 To-day is ours, but what to-morrow brings
 Is all unknown, 'tis Now we live, and of
 The Past we know, yet seldom learn thereby,
 Nor dreamed the maid of ill, or storm, or cloud,
 So full of joy and hope in sixteen years,
 Rejoicing in the presents made by those
 To whom the slightest gift meant sacrifice:
 Glad with the gladness that a maiden knows
 Whose heart is free, yet feels some secret war
 To whom the future paints in dazzling hues
 That which, alas! the future seldom yields,
 Save to the poet, as a passing dream.
 And Bebeé plucked her choicest flowers that morn
 To offer at the garden-shrine; and then
 To Father Francis ran in child-like glee
 To tell him of her fortune and her gifts,
 With outstretched hands the old man blessed his charge
 And bade her sit beside him as her wont,
 Then in his stumbling way, he told her of
 A dream that he at night had dreamed
 Of Bebeé, and her flowers, and thus it ran:
 Last night as thinking of old Antoine, I
 Revolved the many scenes which since I came
 To tend my flock, had made the sum of life;
 And falling in a dream, I walked within
 A lovely garden, burdened with the breath
 Of roses, in the smiling mouth of June,
 That o'er my soul stole as in sensuous wave,
 And quickened every pulse with pure delight:
 And queenly maidens, clothed in gauze-like robes
 Of filmy-clouds, which stirred by murmuring breeze
 All playfully revealed, and then concealed
 The mystic glory of their flowing limbs,
 Moved softly to the music of the wind,
 And gazing on their perfect lineaments—
 The matchless beauty of those maidens fair,
 My soul was drawn towards them, and I longed
 To know more of that beauty which was theirs,
 Then round one flower more brilliant than the rest
 These living blossoms grouped in faultless pose—
 While overhead, as floating with the clouds,
 Was borne the echo of entrancing strains,
 Which sometimes rolling seem to issue from
 The organ ere its trembling breath ascends—
 And dies amid the gloom of noble arch.
 And lo! before my eyes the central flower
 Burst forth to buoyant life and fragrance rare,
 While louder in tumultuous billows rolled

The music, as its choral-passion swept
 In bursting fury o'er the vault of heaven,
 Then silence followed, and a holy calm,
 Like calm of eye, crept o'er my soul and the
 All softly as from distant age was borne
 A maiden's cry, so strangely sad and sweet,
 Yet sweeter to my ear than it was sad,
 And when I fain would ask the central flower
 Whence came the cry and of its meaning the
 Where all was bright and shadow found no place
 Behold the flower was changed, and in its place
 A maiden stood all clad in simple white,
 With form of classic outline, but whose face,
 More faultless than the visions Raphael saw,
 Was marred with tears; with tumult heaved
 As in deep anguish. And I spoke with her—
 Till all my soul, drawn by those weeping eyes
 Went out to her, for on this earth I know
 Of naught that sooner will the heart unlose
 Or knit in stronger bond of sympathy
 Than what to man is as pure elegy.
 A lovely woman—lovelier in her tears,
 And when the maiden's upturned gaze met me
 As though in low, sweet tones to make reply,
 Lo! face and form and voice became thine own
 And then I woke, but still kept thinking of
 The flower, and one who seemed a larger flower
 Nor has the vision left me since I rose:
 It haunted me even when I sang the mass.

And Bebeé, answering with her pretty smile
 Said, "Oh! how sweet it were to be like one
 Who in that garden walked amid the flowers
 At will. But I myself dwell with the flowers
 And tend their wants, and know them all by name
 But weep not, for why should I weep, except
 I lose one, or when Antoine passed away?"
 So Father Francis bless of the child again,
 Tho' with a troubled heart, for still the dream
 Lay heavy on him, as he thought of her,
 Nor could the old man all shake off a dread
 Lest somehow evil might befall the maid,
 Then Bebeé, smiling, tript along and took
 Her basket to the town, and as she went
 Sang in the simple way the peasants sing
 This song which she had heard the maidens sing
 As busily their fingers plied among
 The fragrant blossoms at the market stand:

The rose to the lily proudly said
 "You are pale, my dear," then tost her head,
 Now if you had more of erinon hue
 'Tis plain more lovers would come to sue,
 For lovers they always love to see
 A maiden blush, as you now see me,
 While you as a maiden all forlorn
 Stand icy and cold this sunny morn,
 And the Sun smiles fondly, for he knows
 He is sure of welcome from the Rose,

The lily so lowly bowed her head
 To the rose, and then all sweetly said:
 "One lover I have, who loves me well
 We meet alone when the vesper bell
 With its silver tongue has lulled to sleep
 The birds and the flowers; and silence deep
 Steals over the earth as fragrance rare
 From the shun'ring blossoms fills the air,
 'Tis then in the lovely moonlight pale
 I hear the notes of my nightingale,
 And we dream of love while all is still,



Ah! such a picture as she stood that morn,
 Fair as a goddess in her virgin charms
 Of rounded beauty and unconscious grace
 Were sigh to make the blood in these dried veins
 Run with the fiery warmth of youth or prime,
 For her's was beauty such as seldom crowns
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 Of nought that sooner will the heart unloose,
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 Lay heavy on him, as he thought of her,
 Nor could the old man all shake off a dread
 Lest somehow evil might befall the maid,
 Then Bebee, smiling, tript along and took
 Her basket to the town, and as she went
 Sang in the simple way the peasants sing
 This song which she had heard the maidens sing
 As busily their fingers plied among
 The fragrant blossoms at the market stand:

The rose to the lily proudly said
 "You are pale, my dear," then lost her head,
 Now if you had more of crimson hue
 'Tis plain nice lovers would come to sue,
 For lovers they always love to see
 A maiden blush, as you now see me,
 While you as a maiden all forlorn
 Stand icy and cold this sunny morn,
 And the Sun smiles fondly, for he knows
 He is sure of welcome from the Rose,

The lily so lowly bowed her head
 To the rose, and then all sweetly said:
 "One lover I have, who loves me well—
 We meet alone when the vesp'er bell!
 With its silver tongue has lulled to sleep
 The birds and the flowers; and silence deep
 Steals over the earth as fragrance rare
 From the slum'ring blossoms fills the air,
 'Tis then in the lovely moonlight pale
 I hear the notes of my nightingale,
 And we dream of love while all is still,

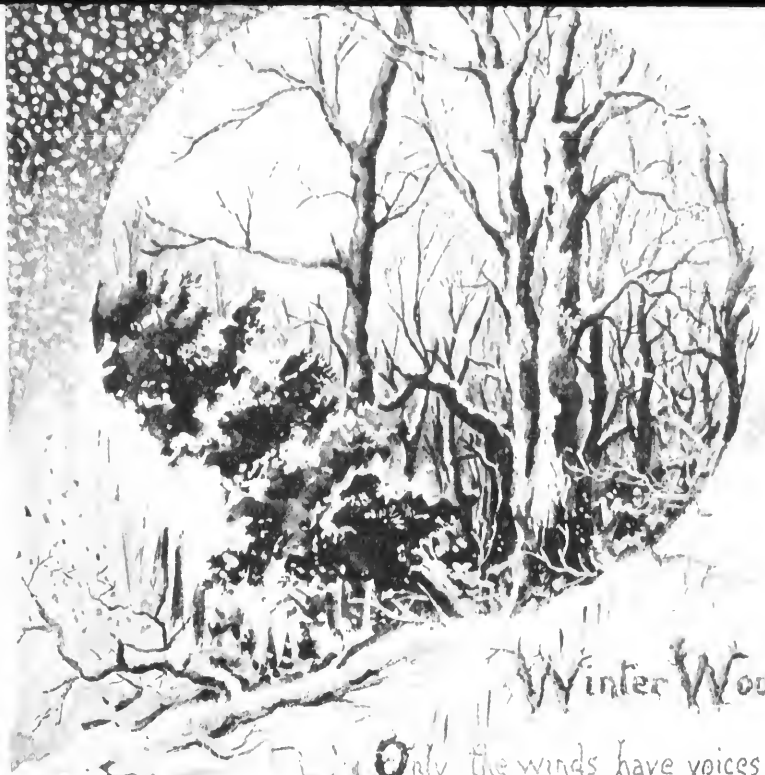


moral-passion swept
 er the vault of heaven,
 ed, and a holy calm,
 rept o'er my soul, and then
 distant age was borne
 strangely sad and sweet,
 ear than it was sad,
 ould ask the central flower
 ery and of its meaning there,
 ht and shadow found no place
 was changed, and in its place
 clad in simple white,
 ie outline, but whose face,
 n the visions Raphael saw,
 ears: with tumult heaved her breast
 . And I spoke with her
 own by those weeping eyes,
 or on this earth I know
 ner will the heart unlose,
 bond of sympathy —
 is as pure elegy,
 ovelier in her tears,
 len's upturned gaze met mine,
 sweet tones to make reply,
 and voice became thine own,
 out still kept thinking of
 e who seemed a larger flower,
 left me since I rose:
 when I sang the mass,
 ering with her pretty smile,
 eest it were to be like one
 n walked amid the flowers,
 self-dwelt with the flowers,
 ts, and know them all by name:
 why should I weep, except
 Antone passed away?
 bless of the child again,
 d heart, for still the dream
 as he thought of her,
 man all shake off a dread
 might befall the maid,
 ing, tript along and took
 own, and as she went
 way the peasants sing
 e had heard the maidens sing,
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 you now see me,
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 his sunny morn,
 fondly, for he knows
 me from the Rose,
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 n all sweetly said:
 who loves me well —
 n the ves-per bell
 ne has lulled to sleep
 owers; and silence deep
 th as fragrance rare
 g blossoms fills the air,
 sly moonlight pale
 ny nightingale,
 ve while all is still.

Save only the muttering crystal rill,
 A maiden I am, and love to be
 All clothed with the garb of purity,
 While the moon and the stars they smile on me
 As my lover sings on yonder tree,
 And I blush not with a crimson glow,
 Lest his liquid music cease to flow,"
 Then the rose blushed with a deeper red,
 And haughtily tossed her saucy head,
 But the lily, stately stood and smiled
 On the rose as on some angry child.

All radiant with the glow of budding health
 And out of breath, at length, she reached the town
 Where oft times she had sat, and trade was brisk,
 Which made her glad, for on this day she longed
 To gain her home, where children waited her
 To be partakers of her birthday gifts—
 And as the moments fled she mused upon
 The beauty of the place, and wondered if
 The carven figures o'er her head shared in
 Her joy this day; for so it seemed to her
 That all those solid shapes which downward looked
 Must somehow understand an I feel with her
 How good it was to be no more a child,
 And when her flowers were almost gone, she left
 And hastened, as her wont towards a church,
 To thank the saints that she had fared so well,
 And thus she met her fate, for as she rose
 From off her knees, a stranger met her gaze
 And asked her of her name and of her birth,
 Caught by the beauty of her face and form,
 And when in simple faith she answered him,
 Believing all men true as she was true,
 He longed to hear her more, and thought to play
 Upon her innocence, for unto him
 All women were no more than pretty toys,
 With hearts that beat the quicker for a kiss,
 Yet as she pleased his fancy for a while,
 He talked to her of that she longed to know,
 And dazed her simple mind with wondrous lore
 And gilded dreams: too skilled, alas! was he
 In frivolous arts and all those subtle wiles
 Which steal a woman's heart and make the past
 A blank, the present bliss, the future hell,
 Happly at first he thought it was no harm,
 And loved in artist way to watch the dawn
 Of love rise with the dawn of womanhood,
 But nevermore would Bébé know again
 The simple pleasures of her simple life,
 But strove to gain in knowledge so she might
 Be more like him the idol of her heart:
 While he to please himself would watch her moods
 That so he might catch somewhat of the grace
 That lingered over each most simple act,
 And oft they strolled in woodland glens, and talked
 Of all the beauteous life beyond her reach,
 Till she looked on him as a god who came
 To lead her thro' some blissful path of life,
 And thought no ill, for how could evil dwell
 In one whose life was lovely as the flowers,
 To which she more belonged, than to a world
 Made up of slumbering vice, which lurks beneath
 The cloak of virtue and the garb of love,

So Bébé dreamed with dreams that were as life
 Delirious, while thro' her mind there rang
 The mystic voices from those unknown lands
 Which called as 'twere to fields Elysian,
 And still he spared her, feeling half ashrmed
 To lead her into it, yet would not leave
 A pleasant pastime; and so days slipt on
 And then, when tiring of the child, with smiles
 He left her, promising to come again
 Nor doubting that he would, she watched in vain
 Thro' days which lengthened into months, and still
 No tidings reached her, and her heart misgave,
 With hope deferred, And then the neighbors came
 And strove to comfort her, but all was vain,
 What comfort was there when the sun was gone
 But darkness, void and silence, as of death?



Winter Woods.

Only the winds have voices, winters' choir
Proclaims aloud the bare woods' silent gro
Sphinx-like the steel-clad sky; the tangled br
Trails o'er the glory of the buried leaf.

No more the joyous bird-notes trill and flow:
A silence reigns as in a city old,
Buried and still; life lies beneath the snow,
Benumbed with the repentance of the cold.

W. L. G.

Keppell Strange

And the first sound of her death was
What comfort was there when the sun was
But darkness, void, and silence as of Death!

It was this she dwelt, and later came the news
That he was ill, and nigh to death, alone
In Paris, and they said that he was poor
"Alone! and I not near him!" cried the child,
And with these words she started on her way
Half clad on foot, and after many a day
Of weary travel, and of sleepless nights
She reached the city where he dwelt, herself
In need of succor, more than he, who had
All that the world calls riches, laid in case;
While she who sought him in her simple love
Had braved all hunger and the pangs of thirst
And all the dangers of her helpless state,
That so she might be near him and might tend
His wants with her own hands, for who could tend
Like one who loved him with a love like hers?
At last she found his dwelling, and there saw
In one brief glance what told her more than all
She yet had learned of that great world of his:
For there, surrounded by all luxury,
A woman twined her arms around his neck
And men and women lounged about his rooms,
All clothed in silks, a giddy, careless throng,
Whose only thought the pleasure of the hour,
With those, what place for her so rudely clad?
Heart-stricken, with a shriek she turned and fled
The iron had pierced her soul, she saw the world
And knew it had no place for one who lived
Among the flowers, and toiled for daily bread,
And quickly from the scene, crushed to the soul,
She passed, and would have cast herself
Into the stream. Too hard the ways of life!
But one who loved her (he who told the tale)
Had saved and brought her to her native hut,
But all was vain, she rallied for a day,
Buoyed up with hope, that all was but a dream,
A hideous phantom, and that soon again
His loving smile would banish every doubt,
Then when the neighbors left her for a while,
At close of day, to tend their simple homes,
The truth dawned on her and she knew the past
Was all too true: that he was dead to her:
That life for evermore had lost its charm,
Then placing on her little time-worn shoes,
Stole softly from the hut and sought the stream
Where sixteen years before old Antoine found
Her as a babe, and murmur'ing, "Ah! Dear God,
Thy ways are hard, as are the ways of men,
Yet love him still as thou dost love the flowers,
And tell him that I also tried to love!"
Then past among the lilies whence she came,
A precious flower by lilies saved, and now
Once more by pure white lilies claimed in Death.

A. G. DOUGHTY.

Woods.

voices, winters' choir,
bare woods' silent grief;
sky, the tangled brier
the buried leaf.

and flow:
old,
the snow,
the cold.

Keppell Strange.

